

**THE GERMAN PEACE OFFENSIVE.**  
**German "Psychology" Reflected in Present Peace**  
**Overtures Aimed to Stimulate German Resist-**  
**ance Against a Foe That Will Not "Listen to**  
**Reason" and to Influence the Allied Peoples**  
**Against Further "Needless Sacrifices," a Ruse**  
**That Will Not Misdread Allied Military Heads.**

By Martin Green  
(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

**A**FTER the Allies started the Germans in the direction of Germany last July, the officers of the French, British and American high commands, foreseeing the ultimate finish of the war on the strictly military side, began to figure on what steps the German Government would take to avoid a disastrous defeat in the field. In the light of recent events the accuracy of judgment of the Allied Generals and strategists, as expressed at that time to correspondents, stands out almost as the expression of inspired prophecy.

British, French and American officers of long experience have knowledge of the workings of the German military mind. They know that Germany always plays the game of war with "an ace in the hole." They know that the German military oligarchy is not stupid and that German statesmen, under the influence of German philosophy, figure on the influence of psychology-national psychology.

The world is planted with German spies. Developments of war have shown that, in respect of psychology, they are very bad spies. They have misinformed their Government from the time they reported that Great Britain would not enter the war down to the time when they reported—having their judgment on inaction after the sinking of the Lusitania—that the United States, being a money-loving, heartlessly practical country, controlled to a considerable extent by the influence of guided German-American thought, would not enter the war. But the men who built up the spy system of Germany, the military leaders who are still in control, find, in the balance of the books, that their spy system is probably entitled to achievements on the credit side.

The spy system succeeded in Russia. It worked for a measure of success for a time on the border between Austria and Italy. It was brought to Germany numerous strategic military advantages all over the world. It is still a potent force. It is the foundation of the structure upon which Germany hopes to end the war by the pretense of surrender. Through the spy system, the German military oligarchy hopes to continue the pressure of terrorism where such pressure can be exercised, and at the same time, through strategically open diplomatic channels, impress upon the peoples of the world the desire of Germany to participate in a comradeship of nations.

While the German Government, in a manner most adroit and appealing, following a plan arranged long ago, is addressing to the nations with which it is at war invitations for an understanding upon which peace can be arranged, German soldiers are devastating regions they are abandoning in Belgium and France. It would not be just to the Government of this country to say that German spies are blowing up ammunition plants and setting fire to storehouses sheltering army and navy supplies in the United States, but some of the recent disasters of that character are suspicious. At a time when the German military Government knew that Germany was doomed on the western front because of American help to the British and French Armies, German submarines appeared off the Atlantic ports of the United States.

**PRESENT DEVELOPMENT FORECAST LAST AUGUST.**

There is German psychology. It was explained in several conversations on one day in August at an American camp in France back of an advancing American line, by an officer who, while not a German, knew a lot about the German military and diplomatic machine and the German people from association and experience with all of them.

"Getting down to a unit basis," said this officer, "we will find that the German Government will act as small bodies of German soldiers have acted in fighting against our advance. We have instances of a few Germans holding up their hands and making a surrender for the purpose of drawing our troops into the zone of a machine gun planted in an enfilading position."

"The German Government, by prosecuting the war with vigor in the diplomatic and showing weapons in others, will try to play upon the minds of the enemy and their own people at the same time. There is no doubt in the German high command that we have them licked and will finally lick them to a standstill."

"Before winter sets in you will see a great change in the German Government—a great outward change. Helmeted lions will give way to bareheaded lambs. From Berlin and Vienna will come loud cries for the cessation of this cruel war. The Allies will be bombarded by the most plausible representations. At the same time the military machine in the field will be seeking to impress the German people with the progress of German arms."

"Unless we get the jump on them, the German military leaders will get their forces to points where they can make a stand for the Fatherland. They will try to concentrate their defense on a line which will represent a fight against the invasion of Germany by a foreign foe. The idea, of course, is to arouse the German people to a sense of responsibility for saving their country from the despoiling hands of a ruthless enemy. The cry will be, 'The whole world is against the Fatherland. We have offered to make peace. The brutal enemy refuses to listen to us. Rally to the defense of the Fatherland.'"

"Germany, in theory, will be stiffened in military resistance by the menace of the foe at the gate and make it all the harder and more costly for the foe to administer the final blow. Meanwhile the people of Great Britain and France and the United States, doubly assailed by peace propaganda from Germany and by enemy lies, will be gradually brought to the conviction that peace, such as Germany is willing to quit, there is no use in further sacrifice. Germany hopes for this outcome."

**MAY WORK IN GERMANY—BUT NOWHERE ELSE.**

"You can readily see the basis of the appeal to both sides. I have an idea that it will work for a time in Germany, but I am confident that it will fail in the United States, Great Britain and France. I believe that all the forces fighting against Germany will be strong enough to realize that Germany, now in possession of Middle Europe (this statement was made before the surrender of Bulgaria), wants to trade and that we cannot trade with Germany."

"The military leaders of the Allied armies in France are for war to a finish—not because they are enamored of war—but because they are enmeshed in a web of their own making. They know that if they stop to-morrow if they could do it, with honor. They know what war is, having had it, some for months, some for years, and they are war-weary. But they are the men who have the finish they have had as their goal. They must be convinced before diplomatics get into the situation, and under present conditions their ideas will prevail."

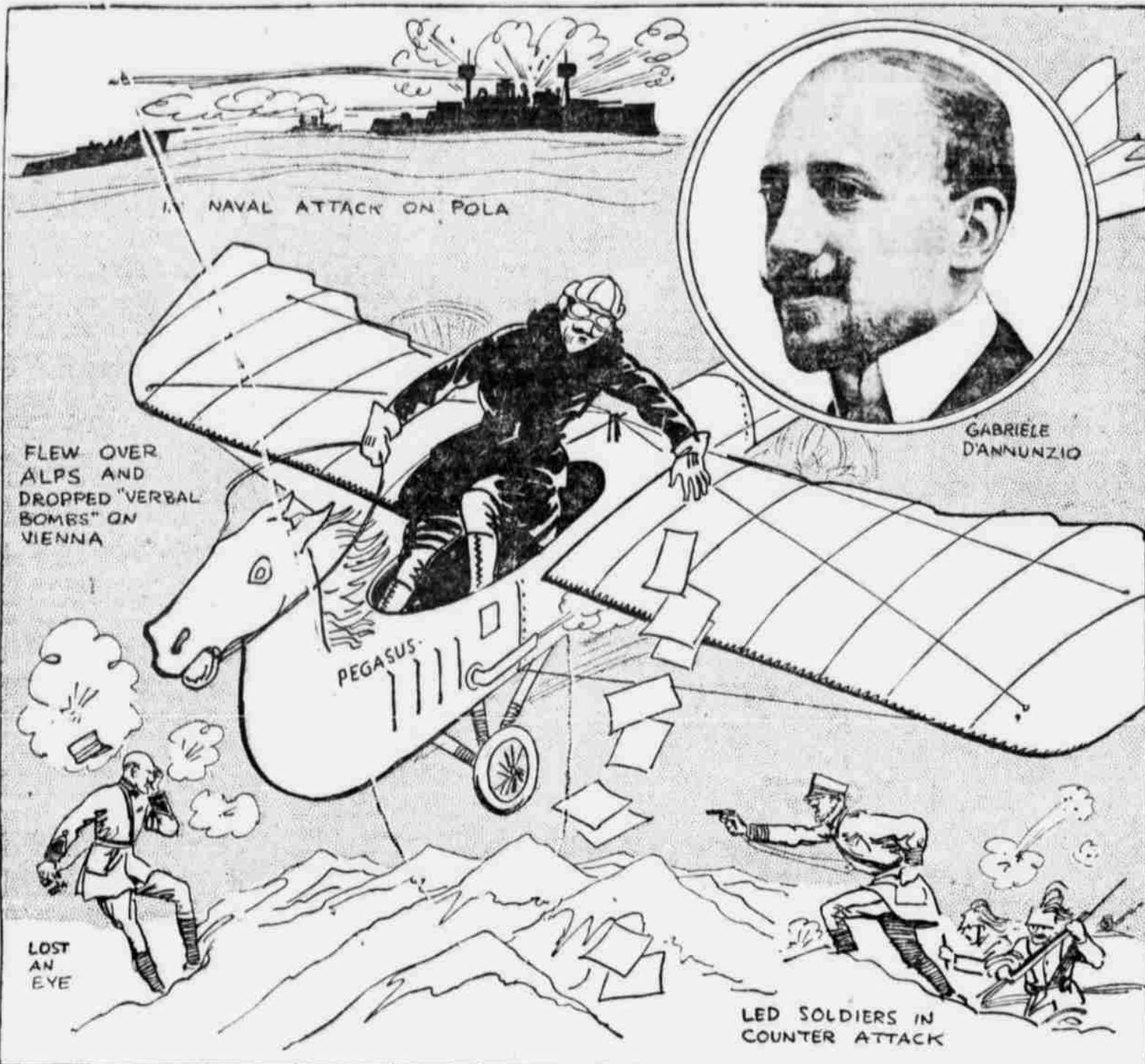
The news that some communities in the Middle West, misled by false reports, celebrated the end of the war by Saturday night, will not make pleasant reading for the men who are fighting on the front lines in France. When Marshal Foch and Sir Douglas Haig and Gen. Pershing unite in a message to the Allied peoples that the war is over, church bells may be rung and bonfires may play and people far from the scene of conflict may shout and sing and be merry, and not until then, but they are the men who have the supreme and unquestioned right to determine when the German is licked. And the war must be ended until he is licked by force of arms."

**The Flags of the Allied Nations**  
By T. L. Sanborn.  
No. 8—Greece.

It is a far cry from the ancient and historic land of the Greeks to the Kingdom of Bavaria, yet to the latter did Greece go for the colors of her national flag, blue and white. In 1832 Otto of Bavaria became King of Greece, then but recently delivered from the brutal yoke of the unrepentant Turk, and as a compliment to their new monarch the Greeks chose the white and blue of the Bavarian standard as the color scheme of their new national banner.

The Grecian flag consists of nine

**Gabriele d'Annunzio, Italy's Warrior-Poet**  
CHARACTERISTIC FEATS PERFORMED BY HEROIC FLYING POET.  
WHO EXCHANGED THE WINGS OF PEGASUS FOR THE WINGS OF WAR



**Home Runs and Strikeouts in "Baseball to Boches"**

"Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on," says H. C. Witwer's hero, "and London is the first flag station I've ever been in where I didn't feel like I was the original Stephen X. Wiseguy and everybody else was hicks on account of me comin' from New York!"

**"B**ELIEVE me, Germany will be a hickin' waiver on that big stiff, the Kaiser, before we have played 'em more than two games. That guy is gonna wild pitch himself off the earth."

"Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on. The main thing, of course, is the dames. Most of 'em could make the front row in the Winter Garden without half tryin'. They walk along laughin' and smilin' and they ain't none of 'em deliberately unfriendly, and that's a cinch."

"I have been to sweet old London and believe me, it is a some-bun! For one thing, it's the first flag station I ever been in where I didn't feel like I was the original Stephen X. Wiseguy and everybody else was hicks, on account of me comin' from New York. Don't get the idea from this that I have gone to work and tossed my Broadway citizenship to the winds. I would rather be a hick, especially one of them trick new ones, on Broadway than be undignified Emperor of any country in the world."

"They ain't a minute that we ain't been showed a new way to commit felonious assault on them Germans, and we now know how to kill 'em in practically all the up-to-date ways, except by meelin' 'em poison ivy, may-be, or somethin' like that."

"Them grenades look somethin' like a fill piñata, and the main idea of them is to beat Germans with. But at that, you don't have to hit nobody with 'em; all you gotta do is make 'em land in the same state with a guy you don't like, and practically right away the population is reduced by at least one. You creep over to the German trenches with a handful of these and holler: 'Is there anybody home?' The Germans says 'Yes,' and then you throw your bomb and make a Bar outa them!"

These are only a few of the choicest and most jocular epigrams in slang with which H. C. Witwer's new and distinctive war book, "From Baseball to Boches," is spilling over.

"From Baseball to Boches" is a collection of letters from one Ed Hazimon, formerly a famous Big League

**How d'Annunzio, the Poet, Became Italy's War Hero**  
By Daring Air Exploits

**His Soul Set on Fire by the Allies' Cause and His Country's Share in It, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Although Over Military Age, Earned Fame and Wounds as Italy's Most Sensational War Aviator, and for Heroism Won Four Decorations and the Rank of Major.**

**HIS MOST SENSATIONAL FEATS**  
Flew over Trieste, dropping messages of cheer to Italian-born citizens of that city.  
Took part in many aerial bombardments of enemy battle lines, being wounded in the wrist in one and losing the sight of one eye in another.  
Led Italian troops in the trenches on the Carso during a counter-attack in which every Austrian perished.  
Led every raid on Pola, Austrian submarine and warship nest, which his squadrons of giant Capronis materially damaged.  
Took part in successful air raid on concentration of Austrian naval forces at Cattaro.  
Took part in successful raid by three Italian torpedo boats in the Bay of Buycarl, in which a large Austrian ship was sunk.  
Led squadron of eight bombing planes on 800 mile flight over Alps to Vienna and return, to drop messages to Austrians.  
Made record breaking flight (his latest achievement) from Turin to Chalons, and back from the French front to Milan.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall  
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**G**ABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S latest record breaking flights from Turin to Chalons, and back from the French front to Milan, but emphasize the fact that he is the only commanding figure in the world's literature who likewise has won place as a commanding figure in the world war. He has sought no exemption from active duty in that familiar adage so consoling to the intellectual and indolent. He may believe, indeed, that the pen is mightier than the sword, yet he has not disdained mastery of the lesser weapon so useful in dealing with disciples of Kultur.

D'Annunzio has proved himself as great a patriot and aviator as he is a poet. It is interesting, by the way, to note the splendid war records of the poets, so long sneered at as men of dreams and inaction by practical souls. Rupert Brooke, whose poems rank with the best of Browning and Swinburne, the most singing melodies of Shakespeare, died at the Dardanelles for England in all the glory of his golden youth. Our own Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger fell fighting bravely on the torn fields of France. Perhaps an ardent belief in beauty, the poet's creed, is not the worst preparation for dying in a war against beastliness personified.

It is certain that, as soon as Italy entered the world war, her great poet was eager to play his part in the struggle, although he was well over fifty and might have contented himself, like certain British novelists and critics, with that safe and euphonious form of patriotic service, known as "propaganda."

Before his country joined the Allies d'Annunzio was a most ardent propagandist of their cause. "Every day that passes," he wrote in September, 1914, "is a day of eternal glory lost for Italy, which should enter the struggle with France immediately." In May, 1915, just before Italy's declaration of war, he was greeted by the cheering crowds of Rome as the prophet and personification of Italian nationalism, a second Garibaldi. "Unless Italy fights Germany," he said at this time, "she can never hold up her head among the nations again. I will never rest until my country does its duty."

On May 27, 1915, he received permission to serve as volunteer on a warship. Three weeks later he was nominated a Lieutenant of Novara Lancers.

But the rider of the winged Pegasus in the days before the war was destined to achieve his greatest military distinction through flights of another sort. His first notable trip in an aeroplane of the Italian Army Aviation Corps was over the city of Trieste, a "martyr city" to the Italians, as Alsace and Lorraine are martyr provinces to the French. The poet dropped messages bidding the Italian-born citizens to be of good courage as Italy would soon come to their aid.

In the next year he took part in many aerial bombardments, using bombs and a machine gun, and in one of these battles his wrist was shattered. On another occasion one eye was so badly injured that he lost the sight of it, but he still persisted in flying. He was made Captain, then Major. He led Italian troops in the trenches on the Carso during a counter-attack in which every opposing Austrian perished.

He led every raid on the important Austrian naval port of Pola, a nest of submarines and war vessels, where much damage was done by the squadrons of giant Caproni planes. Two months later he took part in a most successful raid on a concentration of Austrian naval forces at Cattaro, an exploit which he described as "a true adventure of Ulysses" and for which he received his fourth medal for valor since the opening of the war.

All this time, when he was not flying, he was addressing the most spirited exhortations to the Italian troops. When the whole civilized world was trembling for the fate of its most beautiful city, he cried with the sternness of an ancient Roman, "Burn Venice rather than surrender!" He sent an impassioned message to the hard-pressed armies at the Piave.

In the spring of 1918 he left one element for another and took part in a successful raid by three Italian torpedo boats in the Bay of Buycarl. A large Austrian ship was sunk, and d'Annunzio, dropped overboard several sealed bottles containing his sarcastic comments on the "playing safe" methods of the Austrian Navy.

The "Voices of Tuscany"—the "Blue Devils" of Italy—presented the warrior poet with a circlet of gold laurel leaves. Last summer he set a new record by a sensational flight with eight bombing planes over Vienna. The squadron flew 800 miles at an average altitude of about 11,000 feet. This flight, over the Alps, and in defiance of enemy planes and anti-aircraft guns, is the longest ever taken by a bombing squadron.

But, instead of bombs, the chivalrous fighters dropped this message: "We Italians do not make war on women, children and old men—only on your blind, obstinate, cruel Government, which cannot give you either peace or bread, but feeds you on hatred and illusion." Another verbal bomb written and dropped by d'Annunzio, referred to America in these words: "The whole world is against you. To-day more than 1,000,000 Americans are fighting in France, and America is building twice as many ships as the submarines are sinking."

Of this knight of the skies his gallant and intelligent son, Capt. Enzo d'Annunzio—himself an officer in the Italian Aviation Corps and chief engineer for Caproni—gives this picture: "He is a poet in action, and therefore I love him because he is not only a poet—he is a man complete. He has done in this war what no one of the younger poets has done, and he is fifty-four years old. He has been not only in one branch of the service, but in every branch. Wherever there was a raid, or some special action, he was. He is not a man to say 'Go,' and not go, too. He is always the first. Wherever there was the greatest danger, he went. In the Caproni machine I had especially prepared for him he stayed up nine hours and a quarter without landing. Under his impulse all the big raids were made."

And for himself, the man who was called the head of the school of decadents and who has proved the noblest Roman of them all, has but one characteristic wish—the desire to die for his country in the moment of victory.

"May my spirit go to rejoin the souls of Virgil and Dante when you valor has once again established the world capital on the Capitoline Hill!" he exclaimed to his fellow soldiers. "Not for me to linger on in a comfortable but impotent old age."

**SOME VACCINE THEY SHOULD GIVE US AT THE INFIRMARY.**  
Drawn by Candidate ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER, 13th Training Battery.

